Right

Brunſwick-Mum,

A ſafe and ſpeedy Remedy, to remove the unnatural Heat of the Stomach, and Giddineſs in the Head, contracted by drinking *French Brandy*.

OR

King *George*'s Welcome

TO

LONDON,

Being the *White-Hair'd* Gentlemen's Congratulation of his Sovereign Majeſty upon his happy Arrival and glorious Entry into the CITY of *LONDON*, &c.

By J. C. Whitelock, *One of their Society.*

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Right
Brunſwick-Mum &c.

WElcome great Hero to our *Britiſh* Shore,
Where never Prince more wiſh'd for trode before.
You come from *Brunſwick*, from our Morning's Womb,
And ſpread your Rayes like *Phœbus* as you come.
Nor do your late left *Hanoverians* now,
More grieve, than Loyal *Britons* long'd for you.
Not long 'ere you great *Malbrough* ſtream'd along
Great *Malbrough* came, a Prologue to our Song.
The Heroe 'ppear'd bright as the Morning Star,
To uſher in the Dawn of Day ſo near.
Since he came, you arriv'd to fill the Throne,
And finiſh what great *William* had begun.

William

William the great! whoſe warlick Deeds ſhall ſhine,
Thro' future Story, guilding ev'ry Line;
Worthy he was the Diadem to hold,
Mild as the Lamb, yet as the Lion bold.
May you, like him, be greateſt of your time,
Your royal Deeds, for ever, ever ſhine,
Freſh as the blooming Roſe, or Lillies in their Prime.
You came, no Storms your Paſſage did delay,
But all was huſht into a pleaſant Day;
And every Thing was jocund, brisk and gay.
The gentle Breezes kiſt the willing Sail,
And wav'd the wanton ſtreamers with a Gale.
The lordly Sun had orders with his Ray,
To guild the Sky, and deck the gallant Day,
And *Luna* to rebuke the Glooms of Night,
Hung out her brighteſt Lantern to give Light;
Whilſt twinkling Stars peep'd from the azure Sky,
And ſent their ſeveral Quota's of ſupply;

Around

Around your Yatch the Sea did dancing come,
And laught it ſelf for Joy into a Fome,
The ſmiling Billows gather'd in a Throng,
And every Breath of Wind, whiſper'd, *Joy to you long*;
The ſporting Waves careſs'd the Royal Keel,
Treading for haſte on one another's Heel:
When thus the Sun, the Moon and ev'ry Star,
Concurr'd with Winds and Waves to bring you here,
Welcome you came unto the waiting Shore,
Where thouſand *Britains*, and ten thouſand more,
With Joy receiv'd you, Joy as bright as Day,
And Loyal Zeal to you their Soveraign pay,
As well they might, for you have chear'd their Souls,
With brighter joys than cou'd ore-flowing Bowls.
Huzza! you're welcome to the ſhore they cry'd,
Welcome unto the Shore, Echoe reply'd.
For like Aurora in the ſpring of Day,
So have you chas'd our gloomy Clouds away.

When Titan rouſing from his ſhining Bed,
Guilding the Morning with his Golden Head,
Unfolds the Curtains of the ſable Night,
And fills the Orb with his increaſing Light,
Chears all the buds of the advancing ſpring,
Then Beaſts grow gameſome, warbling Birds do ſing;
Then all the rav'nous Forreſt beaſts of Prey,
Haſt to their Dens, and frighted ſculk away:
So may you be, like to the riſing Sun,
To ſcatter Beams about you as you come;
May trembling States from you freſh Courage gain,
And new-born Blood run brisk in ev'ry Vein;
And may you, ſtabliſh'd on the *Britiſh* Throne,
Reſcue theſe Iſlands from Contempt and Scorn.

When we look back upon our Dangers paſt,
When on the brink of Ruin we were caſt:
When home-bred ſnakes our Liberties had ſold,
Barter'd our Trade for dear *Pariſian* Gold;

When

When we review afresh the gloomy shade,
Of Fear, which did so late our breasts invade,
Fill'd us with Horror of incroaching Night,
And threatned to put out our Gospel Light;
When those wild steps were made to make us Slaves,
And whilst alive, to doom us to our Graves;
We wou'd not, no, we shou'd not lose the sense
Of the great Acts of gracious Providence,
Which sav'd us from the Plots of cruel Elves
Who to destroy us, would destroy themselves;
Who strove a false Impostor to advance,
A Deputy to *Lewis* King of *France*:
Who chafe at Disappointments of their aims,
Take Oaths to our great *George*, but drink Healths to their *James*.

May he who rais'd you to our *Brittish* Throne,
Guard you and make you glorious thereon,
To break all Yokes, and set th' oppressed free,
Maintain our Rights and dear-bought Liberty;

Give

Give Laws to lawleſs Tyrants, and afford
Comfort to drooping Proteſtants abroad:
May you at home o're willing Subjects reign,
And may they all joyn in one grand Deſign,
To live, and love, in true Religion,
And make great *George* ſit eaſie on his Throne,
May Party Feuds be laid aſide, and may
O're happy Subjects you your Scepter ſway;
But may the Sword of Juſtice quite expel
The curſed Plots of Men in league with Hell;
Let thoſe who truck'd away the Nation's Trade,
For painted Butterflies, your Scepter dread:
May you be terror to the Viper's Neſt,
And break the Meaſures of the *Romiſh* Beaſt;
Unſting the Serpents of their Pow'r, and then
They'le not be hurtful unto better Men:
For ſo's a ſpeckled Snake without a ſting,
A pretty, ugly, frightful, harmleſs thing.

May

May *Romiſh* Foxes, and all Beaſts of Prey,
At your Approach affrighted, ſneak away,
May Gnaws of Guilt their conſcious Breaſts poſſeſs,
And pale-fac'd Fear their Horror may confeſs;
Their tainted Blood grow chill within their Veins,
They forced to diſgorge their ſmuggled Gains,
And with their Necks t'attone for our deſigned Chains.
For they've out-done all paltry Thieves, and they
Shou'd all they are, and have, to Juſtice pay:
Like *Joab*'s Friendſhip to *Amaſa*'s Face,
Us have they ſtab'd, and our Allies with Peace:
But yet we hope that you may ſtill retrieve
Our *Britiſh* Glory, and our State relieve.

May that kind Providence which brought you here,
Be ſtill your Guard, and in all Dangers near,
Advance your Royal Race to tread upon,
The Vipers Neck, and cruſh the Scorpion;

To grow in Glory as they grow in Years,
With which the liſt'ning World may fill their Ears.

And you, young Prince *Auguſtus*, may your Fame
Riſe high, as *Rome*'s great *Cæſar* of that Name;
Your early warlike Valour does foretell,
You ſhall be great in *Britiſh Iſrael*.
Famous at *Oudenard* for Feats of War,
Where Hand to Hand, you charg'd the Chevalier;
Ramillies ſhall you laſting Glory yield,
Where you gain'd Wreaths of Lawrel from the Field,
The Battle Field, which of your Foes will ſay,
How thick they fell, how faſt they ran away;
You ſhar'd in Glory with great *Marlborough*,
And gather'd Heaps of Standards from the Foe.
May you and yours, ſucceſſively reign o're
Theſe happy Iſles, till time ſhall be no more.

And

And you bright Princeſs, may you ever find
The bleſſings ſuted to your noble Mind,
Your blooming Branches comfort ev'ry Friend,
And terror to our envious Foes portend.
Your loyal *Britans* joy'd to ſee you come,
In Triumph with your chearful Conſort home,
Where as you paſs'd, with Pleaſure I look'd on.
May you long there with him true Glory ſhare,
Be *Albions* Darlings, and the Royal Pair.

And mighty *George*, may you your Rule extend
'Till forreign Princes court you for a Friend,
And ſtubborn Foes ſubmit, and Preſents ſend;
Let diſtant States pay Homage from afar,
And may you long by your well order'd Power,
Bleſs them with Peace, or blaſt 'em with a War;
Hold *Europe's* Ballance, and you added may
Caſt either Scale, like brave *Britannia*,

Be our St. *George*, that ſhall ſtrike thro' and thro
The fiery Dragons Head, and break his Jaw;
And may your Crown, ſo ſolemnly ſet on
Your Sovereign Head, ſit eaſily thereon,
Juſtice and Peace with Truth ſurround your Throne.
May you renew the Luſter of our ſtate,
Belov'd or fear'd by ev'ry Potentate;
And when you've made theſe *Britiſh* Iſlands free,
From every Yoke, to late Poſterity;
When ripe old Age has made your Locks to grow
Whiter than ours, as white as driven ſnow:
Then, not till then, may you leave this your Throne,
Unto that Noble, Royal Prince your Son,
And change this Earthly, for a better, brighter Crown.

FINIS.